

# LITTLE CHICK'S STORY

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By Mary DeBall Kwitz



Pictures by Cyndy Szekeres

An Early I CAN READ Book

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# LITTLE CHICK'S STORY



by Mary DeBall Kwitz

Pictures by Cyndy Szekeres

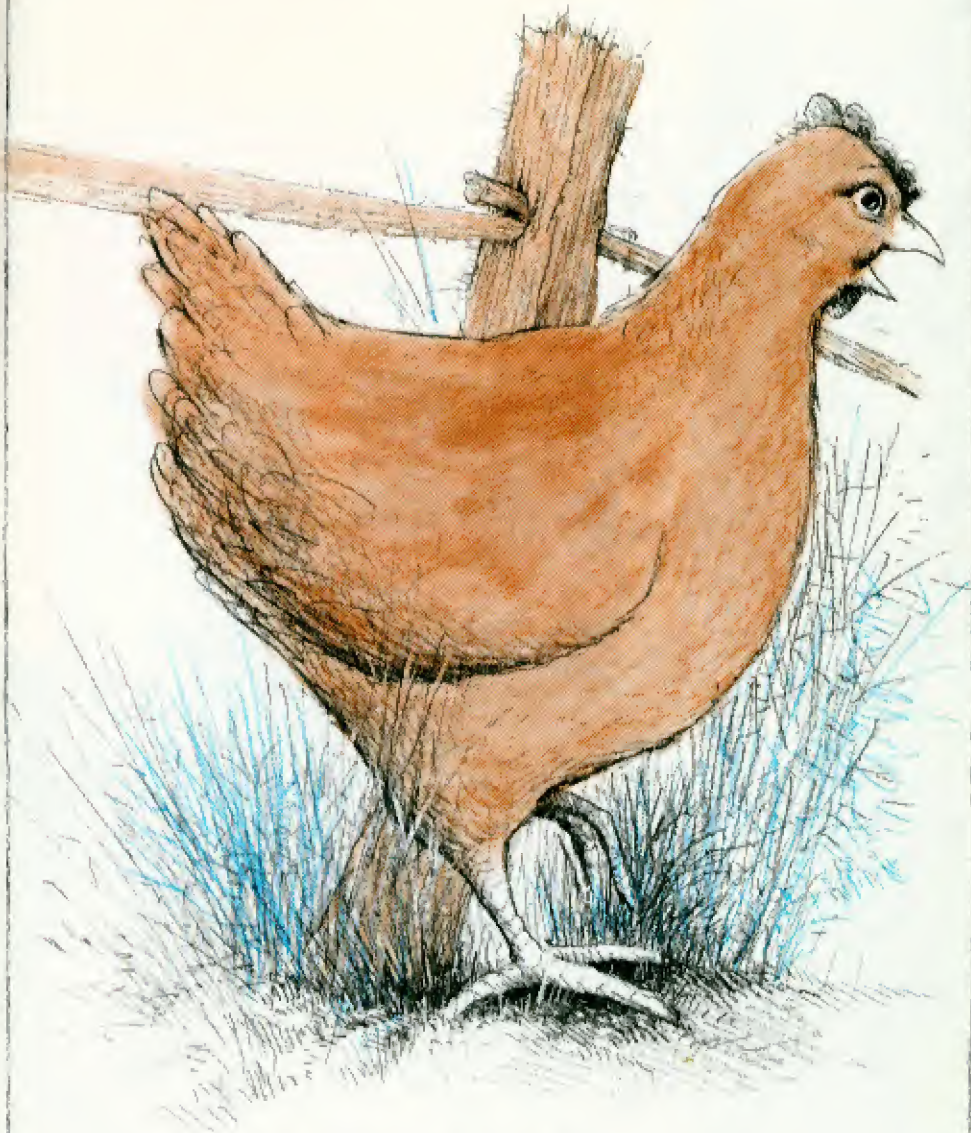
An Early I CAN READ Book

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Broody Hen laid five eggs.



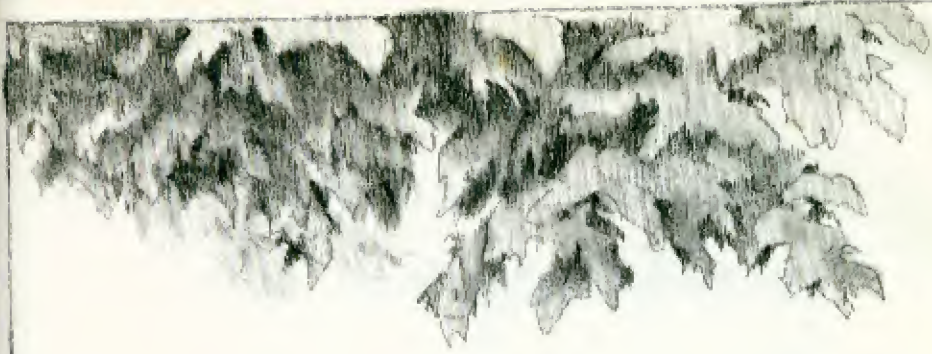
She laid one egg in the hen house  
for the farmer's son.





She laid one egg in the barn  
for the farmer's daughter.





She laid one egg in the meadow  
for the ring-tailed raccoon.

And she hid one egg  
in the violets  
for the Easter rabbit.



"One, two, three, four,"

counted Broody Hen.

Then she laid one more egg.

"This one is for me," she said.

And she fluffed out her feathers  
and sat down on her egg.



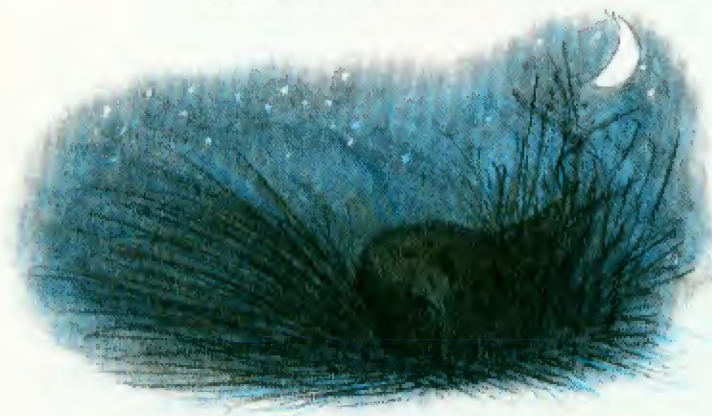




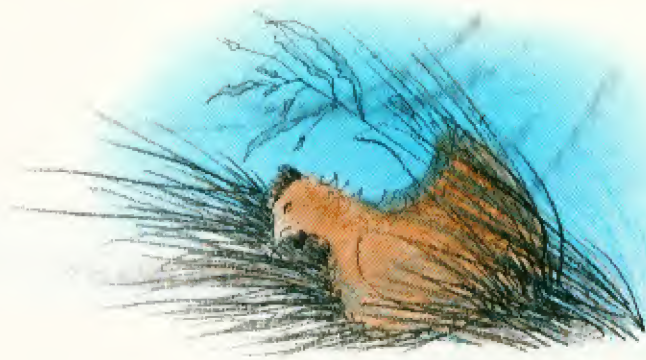


She sat on it all day  
in the sun.

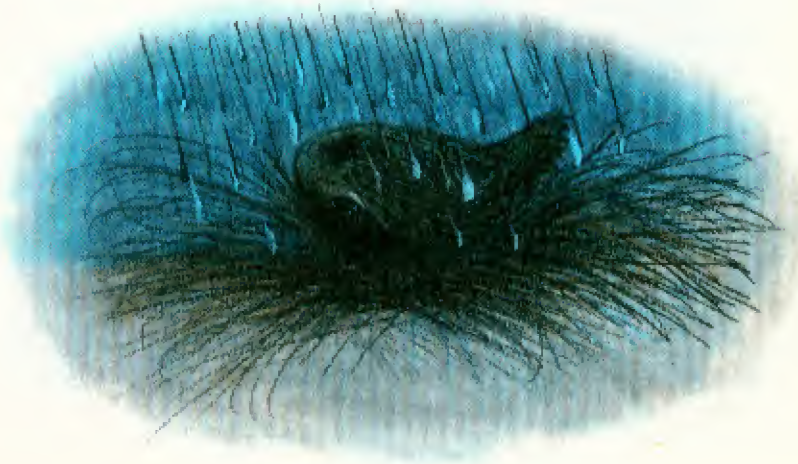
She sat on it all night  
in the dark.







She sat on her egg  
when the wind blew  
and when it rained.

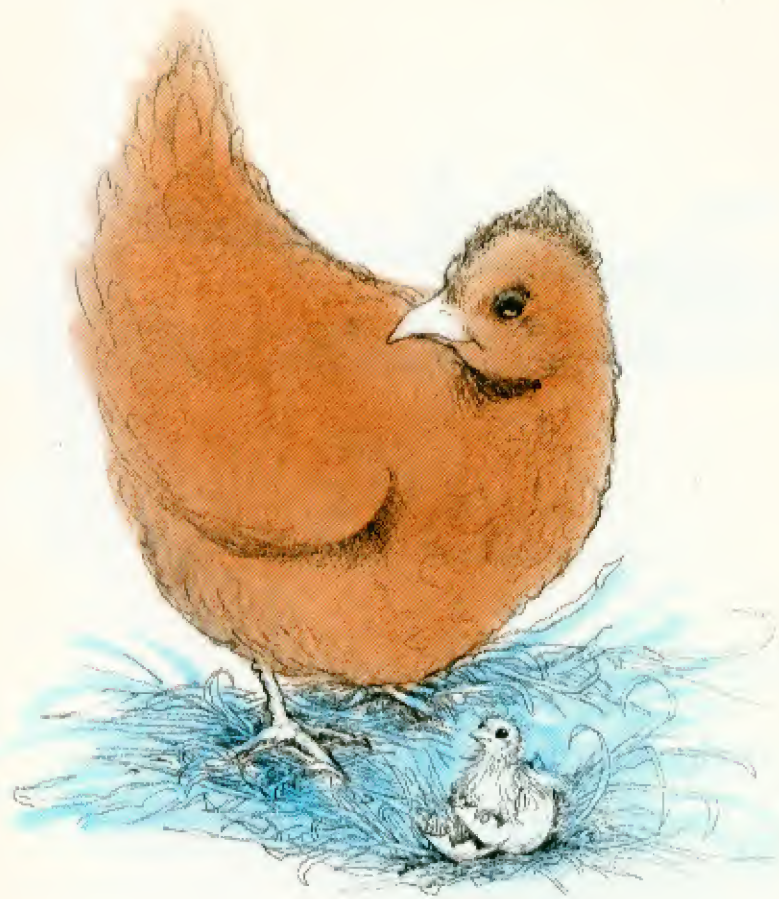








And she clucked  
a little hatching-out song.  
*“My chick-a-dee, my chick-a-dee,  
my golden, downy chick-a-dee,  
the sun is warm,  
the wind blows free,  
hatch out for me, my chick-a-dee.”*



And then one sunny, windy day  
her egg hatched open.

And out came Little Chick.




Little Chick looked around her.  
She looked up at Broody Hen.  
“I’m hungry,” said Little Chick.  
“Eat, my chick-a-dee,”  
said Broody Hen,  
as she scratched up chicken feed.  
Little Chick ran behind her,  
pecking and eating,  
until her stomach was full.

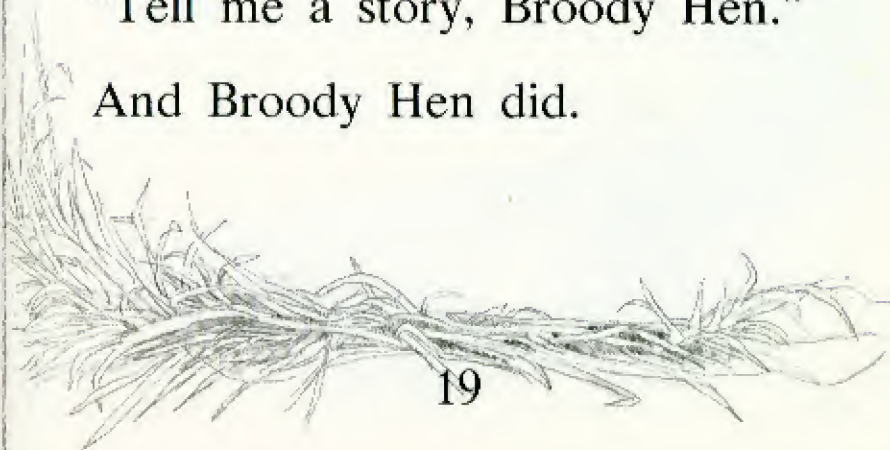








In the evening Little Chick  
crept under Broody Hen's wing.  
She peeked out at the dark  
and the stars,  
and said,  
"Tell me a story, Broody Hen."  
And Broody Hen did.





“Once upon a time,” she said,  
“there was a golden, downy  
Little Chick.

She ate lots of chicken feed  
and ran about in the sun  
and the wind.

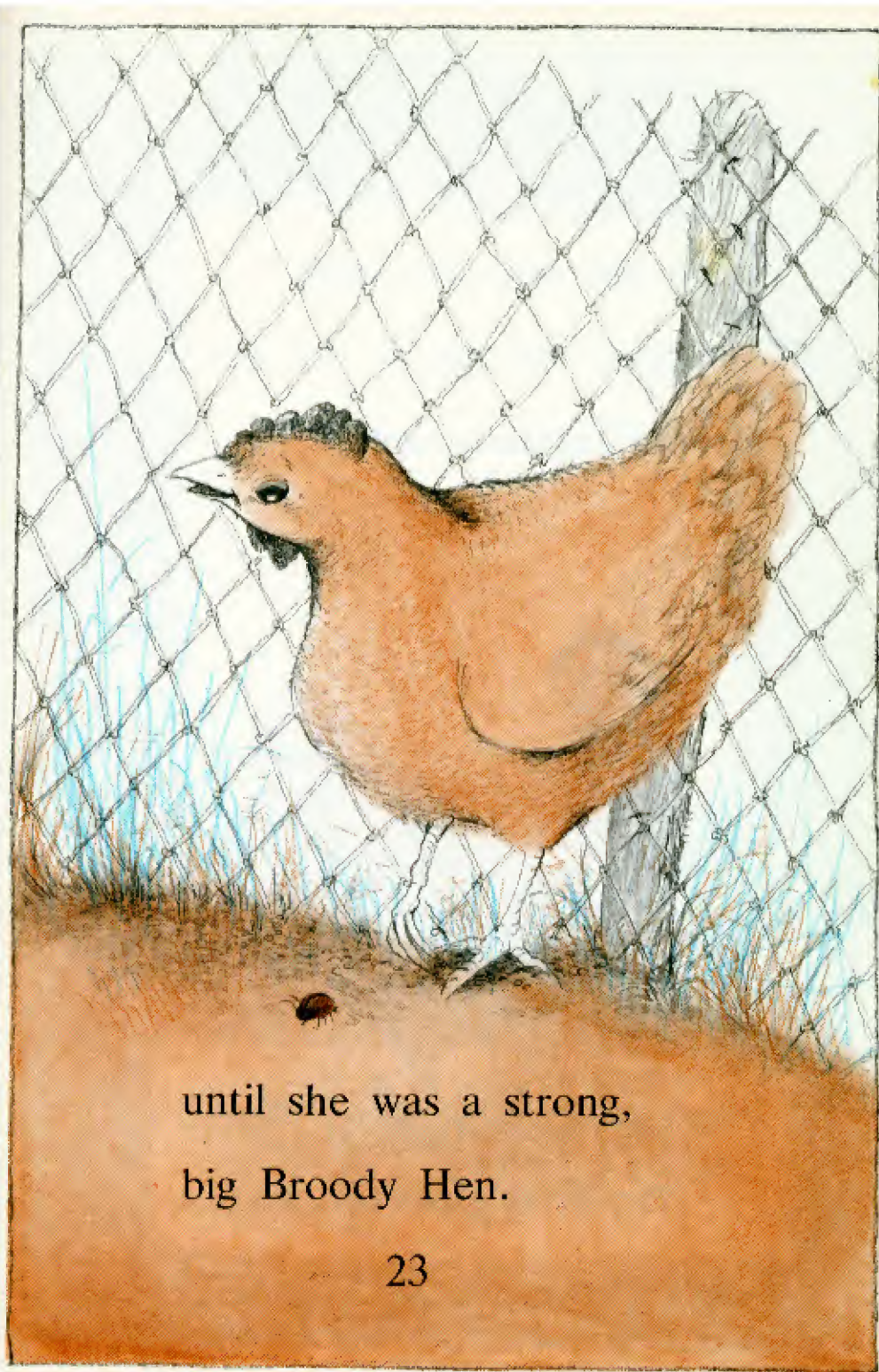






And she grew strong  
and big





until she was a strong,  
big Broody Hen.

Then she laid five eggs.

She laid one egg in the hen house  
for the farmer's son.







She laid one egg in the barn  
for the farmer's daughter.



She laid one egg in the meadow  
for the ring-tailed raccoon.





And she hid one egg  
in the violets  
for the Easter rabbit.

Then that Little Chick,  
grown strong and big  
as a Broody Hen,  
counted *One, two, three, four.*  
And then she laid  
one more egg....”







“Just for herself?”  
asked Little Chick.



“Yes,” said Broody Hen,  
“just for herself.”



Then Little Chick snuggled up  
close to her mother.  
And in the dark night,  
under the stars,



Little Chick went to sleep.

